



# Puck

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JUST WOBBLING!

# DUCK

## AN EASTER EPISODE.

"Hens are n't what they used to be," croaked Grandpa Dorking, after assembling the barn-yard by his excited cluckings over a grain of corn, and then gracefully swallowing it himself.

"Why, in my young days," he continued, "I knew hens that regularly, about this time of the year, laid the most exquisite Easter eggs in three colors. How 's that for a lay?"

"Pardon me," observed a pedantic young Plymouth Rock; "but are n't your tenses mixed? 'How 's that for a lie?' would be more correct." And it was not until Grandpa landed a few scientific pecks that the quiet of Eastertide was restored.

## BOOM—A HOLLOW ROAR.

"Why do you Americans refer to a man's candidacy for nomination as his 'boom?'"

"Because most of them are simply noise."

## REASON TO BE PROUD.

"They say," said the Abyssinian general, "that the English are coming to help the Italians."

"Well," said King Menelek, "between them they ought to be able to do the trick; but, anyhow, it is n't every barbarian that it takes two civilized nations to beat."

## AS A STARTER.

MRS. HICKS.—I'm thinking very seriously of going into politics.  
HICKS.—Why don't you organize our kids as a Goo-Goo Club?

## IN ABYSSINIA.

"No," said the private secretary; "there is no news from Washington."

"What?" said King Menelek; "you amaze me! No United States Senator has introduced a resolution of sympathy with the Abyssinians? First thing we know, we'll hear that they're minding their business!"

## OUT OF HIS HANDS.

HER FATHER.—You ask my daughter's hand in marriage. Have you fixed the date of the marriage?

SUITOR.—I will leave that to your daughter, sir.

HER FATHER.—Do you wish a church or private wedding?

SUITOR.—Her mother can determine on that, sir.

HER FATHER.—And what is your income?

SUITOR.—I will leave that entirely to you, sir.

## PREMATURE RESENTMENT.

THE MCKINLEY MAN.—Governor Morton is too old —

THE MORTON MAN.—Governor Morton is not too old!

THE MCKINLEY MAN.—Don't get mad. I was going to say that Governor Morton is, or ought to be, too old a bird to be caught with chaff.

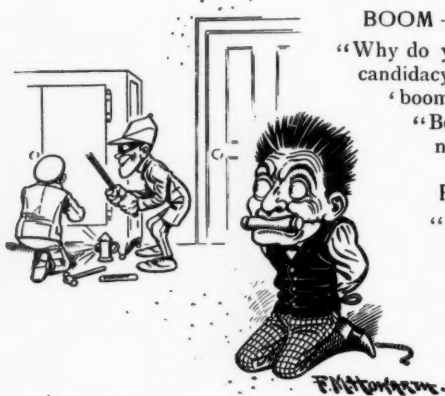
## GOOD TIMES COMING.

MICKEY.—Is thet th' City Hall, Dad?

FLYNN.—Yis, me bhoy; an' pwhin ye sees a grane flag floyin' there on St. Pathrick's Day, yer Daddy will be hevin' a foine job ag'in.

"YES," SAID the stout Congressman; "I try to look on the bright side of things. My motto is, 'Laugh and grow fat.'"  
"That differs from Senator Peffer's."  
"So? I did n't know he had a motto."  
"Oh, yes! 'Talk and grow whiskers.'"

THE SPANISH dogs of war may be a little weak as to their bite; but, in the matter of bark, they have few equals and no superior.

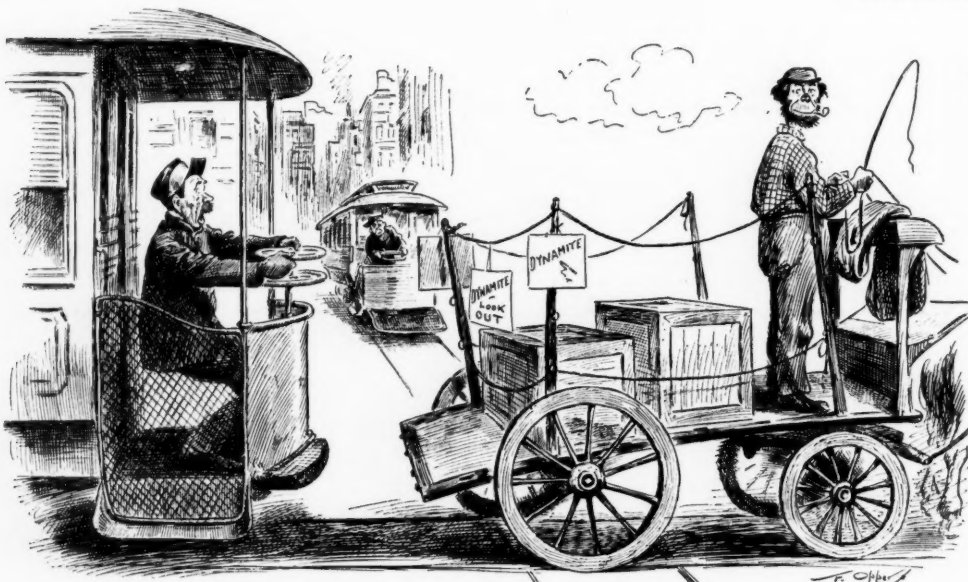


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"A PAINFUL SILENCE."



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## NEVER TOUCHED HIM.

TRUCKMAN HAGGERTY.—Begorrah, Oi hov no more trouble nowadays dodgin' cable cars, ut all, ut all!

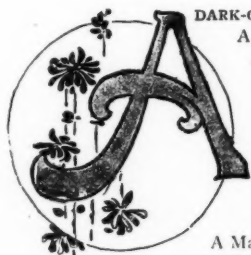




OF COURSE.

AUNTIE.—You know why people go to church, don't you, Gracie?  
GRACIE.—Oh, yes! Because if they did n't, what would people think of them?

A POSTER VISION.



DARK-GREEN pine 'gainst a sea of yellow,  
A purple sun in a russet sky;  
A lake of orange, deep and mellow,  
A Thing in black with a scarlet tie;  
  
A violet hill and Payne's Grey brooklet,  
An indigo cloud in a blue-black night;  
An amber moon, and a crimson spooklet  
Gibb'ring alone in the pale-green light;

A Maid with an arm like a broomstick slender,  
With just one foot in a wispy shoe,  
Draped in a shroud like a worn-out fender,  
With face of a witless kangaroo.

A skeleton green in a desert reeling,  
Bodyless faces stuck all in a row;  
All these, and more, to my slumbers come stealing  
Night after night since the Poster Show!

*Richard Stillman Powell.*

A SIGN THAT FAILS NOT.

MRS. VON BLUMER. — Dear, what does it mean when you get a notice from the bank that your account is over-drawn?

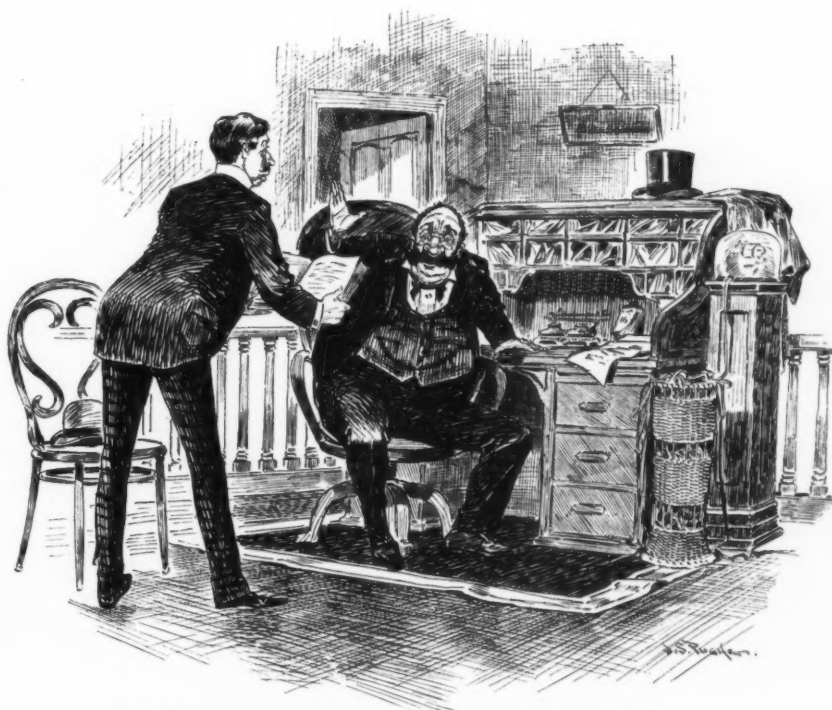
VON BLUMER. — In the case of a man, it means that he is married.

TO SUIT.

SHE. — So Mrs. Brown is to marry again?

HE. — Yes. Her fiancé is wealthy, and he boasts that he is a self-made man.

SHE. — Well, he 'll be made over.



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CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

CANVASSER. — I'd like to show you this book, "How to Get Rich."

MR. ISAACS. — Mein frendt, I haf no time to read dot book. I spend all my shpare time tryin' to find oudt how to maig money.

# LETTERS WE'D LIKE TO WRITE.



No. 7.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION ENCLOSURED TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS REQUESTED IT.

My dear Mr. Banker:—

I have been requested by the bearer of this, Mr. Clarence Everout, to give him a letter of introduction to you. I cheerfully accede to his request. This is the fifth letter of introduction I have given him; and I know another man who gave him eleven in the course of nine years. I do not absolutely charge that he eats these documents; but if he does not live upon them, I do not know what else he does live upon.

He has always informed me that he accumulated these personal epistles with the object of advancing himself upon his business career. So far, he has not advanced sufficiently to allow any of the career to show behind him. He has, however, largely increased his acquaintance in the course of the half-score of years since he first came across my path—with a letter of introduction in his hand. I hope, as a personal favor to me, that you will do all that lies in your power to advance him upon his career—if only by giving him another letter of introduction. I trust, however, that you will remember that his career does not lie in the direction of my office. Of his value and utility to you in your own business, I leave you to judge after you have examined into the talents and capacity of the young man.

Yours very truly,  
*Gotmy Backup.*

No. 8.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF INFLUENTIAL CONNECTIONS, BUT NO BANK ACCOUNT, WHO HAS ASKED YOU TO PUT HIM UP FOR YOUR CLUB.

V. D. Shady, Esq.:  
Dear Sir—

No.  
Yours truly,  
*Chas. Cashley.*

No. 9.

TO THE PROMINENT CITIZEN AND ARDENT WORKER IN THE CAUSE OF GOOD, WHO WANTS YOU TO BECOME FOURTH ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT OF HIS SOCIETY FOR THE REFORMATION OF JUVENILE OPIUM-EATERS.

Dear Sir:—  
Forty odd years of experience have proved to me that I am fully competent to make quite as much of a fool of myself as is necessary for my comfort without asking the aid and assistance of even so able a corporation as yours.

Yours very respectfully,  
*Salty Smith.*

1896.

"It being leap year," remarked the New Woman, "any man may propose to me if he wishes."

[T MAY be still true that "the apparel doth proclaim the man;" but since the advent of the New Woman it has begun to speak in uncertain tones.



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NEW TO HIM.

MAMA.—Did the young man state his intentions?

PAPA.—He did; but I'm blest if I could understand what he was talking about! What is platonic affection, anyway?

IN BROOKLYN.

FIRST CITIZEN.—You lost your suit against the trolley line?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes. Contributory negligence. You have no business to cross any street with a trolley track on it.

ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

FRIEND.—Does the little fellow ever get afraid when he finds himself in the dark?

PAPA.—Not a bit! He does n't mind being in the dark any more than if he were a detective.

HE MAKES AN ATTEMPT.

TEACHER.—What is a pedestrian?

JOHNNY.—A person who does n't ride a bike.

DOUGLASS.—This bill for your Charity Ball is simply immense!

MRS. DOUGLASS.—Well, Charles dear, don't you remember what the Scriptures say about Faith, Hope and Charity?—"The greatest of these is Charity!"

THE DAY will come when the war club and the model of the battle-ship will be exhibited as relics of different stages of barbarism.

"[F YOU think that is such a good thing," said the citizen to the organ grinder, "I wish you'd push it along."



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WHY HE FELT SAD.

FRIEND.—That was a good poem you wrote some time ago, denouncing the love of money.

POET.—Yes; but I can't sell it.

STANDING ROOM—The Vestibule.

A GOOD STORY is worth repeating—but not to the same man.



OF APRIL SUNSHINE.



LOVE BRIGHT days when beats the sun's fierce fire  
Full hotly in my face, and so I rail  
At April's way of whelming roads in mire  
And stretching over us skies spectre-pale.  
This morning, nathless, whilst the clouds repaid  
The anxious eye with naught but sombre tints,  
I caught a glimpse of brightness that has made  
Me quite content with darkness ever since.  
A crocus, poster-hued, flamed in my face,  
A yellow daffodil gleamed through the pane,  
But 't was from *her* that I took heart of grace  
When I saw Phoebe tripping through the rain.

The chroniclers of Fashion's doings, who  
The lore of woman's gear have down so pat,  
A deal of work waste on a satin shoe  
And more upon the marvels of a hat.  
They see so much by artificial light  
Of brilliant trinketry and furbelows,  
It follows, as the day succeeds the night,  
Their views must be factitious as are those.  
If screeds on party gowns attract, why you  
May still go revel in their arrant bosh,  
But fairer picture than they *ever* drew  
Is Phoebe in her boots and mackintosh.

Edward W. Barnard.

AGAINST HIS PRINCIPLES.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Don't you think pugilism should be suppressed?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh, no! I'm in favor of free speech and all it implies.

A MAN NEVER so strongly realizes how little he knows about spelling as when he starts to write a letter that he thinks may be published in his newspaper.



A TOTAL LOSS.

LITTLE RACHEL.—Mudder, phy does Popper always veep while schmoking a cigar?

MRS. FLAMEBAUM.—Pecause dere vas no inzurance on id, Rachel.

SHE GUESSED THE REASON.

"This is a black swan, children," said the teacher, who was explaining the stuffed specimens to her class. "It is a very rare bird. There are not many of them in the world."

"I s'pose," commented seven-year-old Frances, "that after the dear Lord had made a few of them, and found out how ugly they were, he quit making them."

THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

MABEL PLANE (*enthusiastically*).—Yes, he was just as nice as he could be, and I know he loves me for myself and not for my money. He compared my complexion to a—dear me! I can't remember the name of the flower.

MADGE SNAPPERSON.—Was it a cauliflower?

IN THE SPRING.

In the Spring a tinge of sadness  
Comes upon the Winter belle;  
In the Spring the poet's fancy  
Turns to rhymes that he can sell.  
W. B. H.

NOT MUCH OF IT.

"She uses religion for a cloak."  
"A bathing suit, you mean."

WHY HE HAD TO GO.

MANAGER.—You'll have to get another position. Your work on that case was not at all satisfactory.

REPORTER.—I did the best I could, sir.

MANAGER.—The best you could! Why, the detectives found out all about it before you did!

IN SOME painful cases, the "bicycle face" is the result of court-plaster and the law of gravitation.

IN ONE respect the microbe is worthy of imitation. It accomplished a great deal before it made any noise in the world.



THE USES OF LENT.

THE PASTOR.—I hope the Lenten period has been of great benefit to you, Miss Swift.

ONE OF HIS FLOCK.—Indeed it has, Doctor. Why, I won enough at our Lenten poker parties to buy my entire Easter outfit!

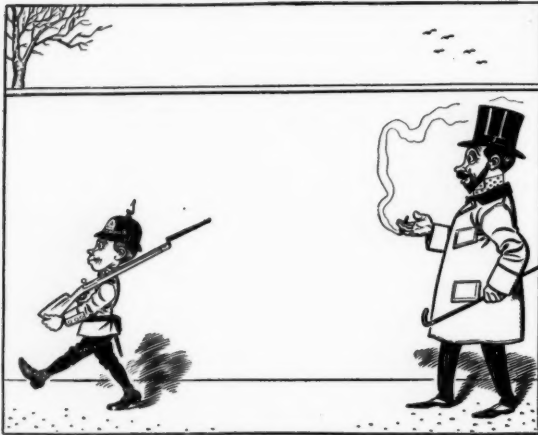


ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

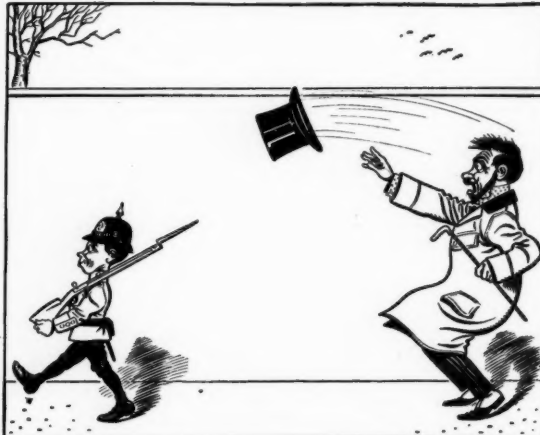
"I am a part of all that I have met."

OF USE.

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DE SWELL.—Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of those tin soldier boys—fixed bayonet and all. What use can they be in this world I'd like to know?



DE SWELL (as a strong March wind carries off his hat).—Hi, there! Catch my hat, boy!

QUITE SO.

The man who makes money  
Hand over fist,  
Is that talkative fellow  
Called pugilist.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

MRS. KINGLEY.—I wish this gown of mine was worn out. I don't like it a bit.

MRS. BINGO.—Why don't you go shopping in it some day?

WHEN THE wayfaring man hears that "economy is wealth" and "riches are dross," he feels like asking himself, "Where am I at?"



— ! — ! — ! — ! — ! — !



THE TIN SOLDIER.—Certainly, sir! Help yourself!

THERE IS no reason why a woman should n't shine in society if she combines dazzling beauty with brilliant conversation.

THE PESSIMIST says, "Things are no better;" the optimist, "Things are no worse."



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HIS EXPERIENCE.

FRIEND (arrived on a visit).—So you have settled down here as the spiritual physician of this little community?

THE COUNTRY MINISTER.—Yes; but a great many of my patients apparently do not intend to pay until cured.

JINGOISM IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

MRS. JONES.—They say there is to be a gas war.

JONES.—All right! I'm ready to lead an attack on our meter.

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION.

EDITOR.—There's no sense in this article of yours; it does n't mean anything.

AUTHOR.—Good! That's what I wanted to find out.

EDITOR.—What do you mean?

AUTHOR.—I wanted to make sure of it before I put it into blank verse.

OVERHEARD IN THE NURSERY.

FOND MAMA (inspecting the treasure).—What! is the baby asleep so soon?

JANE.—Yes, Mum; I've been putting her to bed early, lately.

A CAMPAIGN ITEM.

SCHMIDT.—I zee mit der babers dot some beoble vants a dax on peer.

SCHULT.—Himmel! I should dink bolitics vas ogsponsive enough already!

SOME PEOPLE waste a good deal of time waiting for the unexpected to happen.



VISITOR (in State Prison).—What is the cause of your confinement?

PRISONER.—The climate.

VISITOR.—Eh?

PRISONER.—I froze to something that did n't belong to me.





**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 8th, 1896.—No. 996.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### AS TO NATIVE CORRUPTION.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for March is a story by Mr. Julian Ralph called "The Boss of Ling Foo." This Boss was the mandarin Ting, and he was a very bad man. He had got his start in life by robbing young Prize Essay Ho of his patrimony. And after he became a mandarin he robbed everybody right and left, just like one of our Tammany officials. He sold franchises and things and put the money in his capacious pockets; he palmed off imitation cartridges and cheap guns upon the Government; and when he held court in his yamen he took from the gamblers and other sinful folks that were haled before him all the tael they had left. All this he did in spite of the dragon that is painted before all yamens to warn officials,—the greedy dragon that tried to eat the sun and got burned up. But after awhile his iniquity was revealed in an interesting way to the Son of Heaven at Peking, and Ting was justly punished. He was degraded from his third-button rank, made to pay a lot of fines, and to restore to Prize Essay Ho the fortune he had basely kept from him. It is a very good story and a valuable picture of the official corruption so rife in the Orient. If the reader is an American he is sure to smile in a superior, pitying way at the ignorance of those poor yellow beings who submit so meekly to it all; and he will remark upon the stop which that nation made in all progress many centuries ago. "Of course," he will say, "you can expect nothing better than tame submission from such poor heathen." Yet the average American is too fatuous to make an acceptable comparison of his own with the Chinaman's political status. Let us see if we can get a look at *his* corruption from a Chinese point of view. We will pretend that we are a Chinese reporter making a study of New York politics for the *Peking Clarion*.

Under the Tammany Dynasty of two years ago our astonished Oriental eyes perceive a state of corruption that would have made the wicked Ting stare in envious wonder. His villainy was picturesque and satisfying to an artist, but it was raw and amateurish. It lacked system. Tammany's greatest pride was in its system. Its chief mandarin or Boss commanded an army that filled all the public places in the city. A few men of education, breeding and presumptive honesty, were put in high places so as to have some such to vouch for the other kind that filled most of the places,—so that a judge of the highest court might be brought to declare that a drunken rascal was quite fit to serve as one of the city's police judges. Every man in this army, high or low, was part of a machine for stealing money from the tax-payers, or extorting it from law-breakers. The latter was the most bountiful source of income. First, the police commissioners made every policeman pay them a small sum for his appointment to the force, and a much larger sum for any subsequent promotion. They demanded ten thousand dollars for the position of Police Captain. But once a man was that he soon got his money back, and more, too. He had many ways of getting money dishonestly. Builders and merchants paid him for the privilege of obstructing the streets. Saloon-keepers paid him for the privilege of doing business on Sunday, and gamblers and prostitutes and green-goods men paid him for the privilege of doing business at all. He got rich very soon, like the Police Commissioners. And, above all, the Boss or chief mandarin got very rich, for he received little dribblings from all the blackmail his underlings collected. And all of his soldiers, high and low, said it was a noble city government. This Boss was hardly so high in the scale of created beings as the mandarin Ting, for Ting had once learned the trade of silversmith and worked at it, but this Boss was in his youth just a tough, drunken rowdy who fought and brawled and did nothing much else. Ting was punished when he was found out. Not so with this Boss. He took loads of money and went to England and raced horses with one of the Wettin family. How wonderfully fine and romantic this Western tale sounds to us who have narrow eastern ideas of official corruption! Surely it is a rich theme for a Chinese writer,—the greatest city of a great country, the financial and intellectual metropolis of the new world,—ruled absolutely by an ignorant, illiterate Irishman of criminal instincts.

The Tammany Dynasty was overthrown by a preacher of the gospel who made its rottenness so notoriously unpleasant that the voters became ashamed of themselves. They had long known of it in a general way,

and the subject of police blackmail was one of daily jest with them. But this preacher put facts and figures before them, and a great wave of virtuous feeling swept Tammany out of office and swept in a Reform party pledged to govern the city honestly. And, of course, as soon as the Reform party got in it was found to be as much of a machine for corruption as Tammany had been; and its mandarin's name was Platt. To-day, after eighteen months of reform, the citizens are as tightly in the clutch of a Boss as they were in Tammany days. And the mandarin Platt is more audacious than the mandarin Croker ever dared to be. He framed a law to put the liquor business of the whole State under his control, and his legislature passed it, and one of his underlings, the Governor of the State, signed it. And thus a vast amount of power and money is secured to the Machine, and many patterns are cut out for entirely new styles of rascality. It is a good showing of the power of the new Boss. The Reform Governor, who is a weak and foolish old man, would no more have defied him than he would have gone down to breakfast without a wig on. He signed the bill in spite of the fact that the Mayors of the most important cities in the State warned him of its nature, and declared their opposition to it. Only the Reform Mayor of New York made no opposition to the bill. One would expect that the Mayor of so great a city would be an honorable gentleman very jealous of his fair fame. Yet this Mayor is just a shifty, tricky politician, whose inveterate untruthfulness is the subject of humorous comment in the newspapers almost daily. He seems to take it as a fine joke that he should be accused of being an habitual liar. But he probably told the truth when he said of his superior's whiskey bill, "it's a bad thing for the city, but it's a party measure, and I must take my medicine,"—meaning that he must betray his oath of office in order to serve his Boss. How curious it is that old men should not have learned that they can not do much by tricks and lies! One of the most novel turns in the Reform movement is the way the voters have resented the enforcement of the excise laws. By a strange miscalculation of the Mayor, an honest man was put in charge of this work, and he has not only angered the Reformers by refusing to keep up the old blackmailing system, but he has aroused the blind resentment of the voters by his strict enforcement of the laws. It is pretty generally admitted that they are now waiting eagerly for the chance to put Tammany back into power. They are willing to put up with any sort of rascality rather than have their rightful liberty encroached upon.

Thus, if we were Chinese, we should find various points of coincidence between the Eastern and Western civilizations. But we should have to admit that the Western politician is more thoroughly and scientifically corrupt. And the Western people do such queer and futile things with their votes. A hasty glance would have it that the good among them are all fools and only the wicked ones are wise. At any rate, the old unprogressive Pagan nation and the new progressive Christian nation are ruled alike by knavish Bosses.



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### THEIR ATTITUDE.

IRENE.—Are the Count's parents pleased with his marriage?

HELEN.—Oh, yes! They consider it a highly satisfactory *mésalliance*.



C.J. Taylor

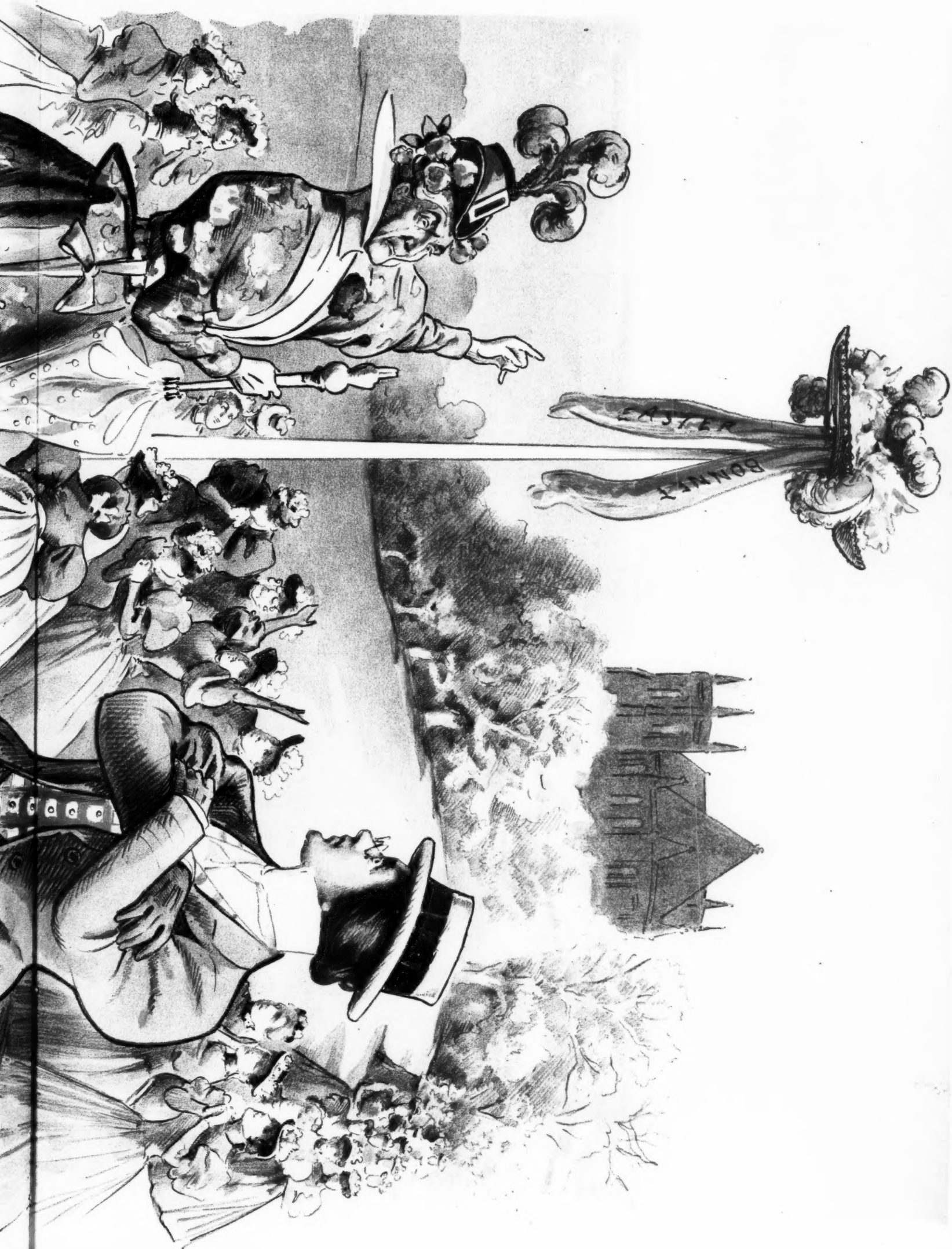
SHE WON'T BOW TO THE HAT.

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PUCK.





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#### A BREACH OF LONESOMEHURST ETIQUETTE.

MR. ISOLATE.—That Citily ought to have stayed in town if he could n't conform to our customs better.

MR. COMMUTER.—What is he guilty of now?

MR. ISOLATE (*testily*).—Why, instead of using a market basket as we all do, he's gone and had his dress-suit case tin-lined for carrying his groceries out from the city.

#### THE PROTEAN LIQUID.



WHILE OTHER scientists were giving their days and nights to the discoveries of antitoxin, cathode rays, and the like, J. Smith labored to obtain something which would prove a far greater boon to humanity.

He had almost discovered it. One ingredient alone was needed to make his mixture perfect and successful. But what was the unknown factor of his equation? He wrestled long and earnestly with the problem; but at last, at the hour of 12 M. one night, he was on the point of breaking his jars and bulbs and pouring his Protean Liquid into the sewer, when a peculiar thing happened.

With a glare of lightning and a rattle of thunder, something invaded the laboratory and stood, grimly grinning, at J. Smith's elbow.

"Who are you?" asked J. Smith.

"Spook No. 13. I have come to give you the name of the unknown ingredient."

"Go back and send No. 12 or No. 14," said J. Smith, with a shudder.

"No. 12 attends to the flying-machine cranks, and No. 14 is the perpetual-motion-fool-killer. They're both busy. It is my exclusive business to counsel with lunatics of your calibre. You take me, or no one."

"Then I take you. What is it?"

"There is a condition."

"Am I to trade my soul for the solution of this problem?"

The spook laughed.

"This is no Black Crook affair. The condition is this: Call on me whenever you like; but if you ever doubt my word, you die."

"I accept the condition."

"Then —" And Spook No. 13 whispered the name of the ingredient into J. Smith's ear, and vanished.

"At last," cried J. Smith, "the world is mine! One drink of my Protean Mixture will make the homeliest creature a veritable demigod. Every man will now be his own Apollo; every woman will have a girdle of Venus ready to her hand. Eureka!"

Theory is one thing, practice another. The next day J. Smith started out to find a homely man, in order that he might demonstrate the practical workings of his Protean Liquid. Surely a five minutes' walk would give him what he wanted.

But, no. Nor could he find what he wanted in five hours, or five

days, or five weeks! In all this time, J. Smith addressed himself to scores of men and women whose faces, figuratively speaking, might have "cracked the Sabbath" or "stopped a clock."

Not one man would acknowledge himself ugly of form or feature; not one woman but looked upon his proposal as a gratuitous insult. Poor Smith! He was almost beaten to death and shot to pieces in prosecuting his search. In the end, he narrowly escaped the lunatic asylum; and finally, discouraged and worn out, he called up Spook No. 13.

"What's the matter, now?" asked Spook No. 13, as soon as he had materialized enough of himself to voice the question.

"The world is full of fools," groaned Smith. "Three-fourths of the people are homely as hedge-fences, but they won't acknowledge it, and it is impossible for me to give the Protean Liquid a fair trial. Woe is me!"

"What shall I do?"

"Show me a homely man upon whom I may demonstrate the virtues of my great discovery."

"Come here!"

Spook No. 13 beckoned, and J. Smith advanced.

"There is one!"

The spook pointed to a mirror in which were reflected the features of —

J. Smith, himself!

Smith was silent for a moment; but finally he whirled about with fiery eyes and lowering brow.

"Liar!" he cried; and then, in a flash, he disintegrated and ceased to be.

A moment later, Spook No. 13 gave an unearthly laugh as he vanished into the misty realms of Nowhere arm-in-arm with the astral body of the late J. Smith.

William Wallace Cook.

THE CONSERVATIVE is a man who chooses to ride with his back to the locomotive as the car of progress carries him forward.



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#### A GOOD PROTECTIONIST.

MISS GOTHAM (*wishing to astound her AUNT CYNTHIA from Hayseed Corners*). — What do you think of my new gown, Aunt? It was made in Paris.

AUNT CYNTHIA (*severely*). — Lan's sake, Niece! I allers did hear thet your father was purty close-fisted, but I did n't think he'd go so far as to send to Europe an' have your dresses made by thet cheap foreign pauper labor.





## Thrice Blessed....

Is He Who Takes His Own Advice

**Y**OU'VE got sense. You know it. You have told yourself a dozen times you needed a spring medicine. Were going to get that "Best" Tonic. Well, why in the name of good sense, don't you do it? Trot out now and get it. It may save doctors' bills, to say nothing of a severe sickness.

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Malt Extract

will brace, build. Give vim and bounce. Get it and thus take your own advice.

\*\*\*

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 MANAGER.—Certainly! (Calling porter.) Here, Mike, help this man into the street.—S. F. Wave.

**A FORTUNE FOR SOMEBODY.**  
 DAZLIN.—Look out for these; they're trick matches.  
 BLAZLOW.—In what way?  
 DAZLIN.—They light the first time you scratch them.—Roxbury Gazette.

**ADVICE to a brunette who is about to become a blonde—Keep it dark.**—Yonkers Statesman.

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—is the man or woman who rides a

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**RICH OR POOR**  
 Our Free Art Catalogue describes our full line of Iver-Johnson Cycles; and also Fitchburg Cycles, the best \$75 worth on the market—Nine splendid models.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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MATTER OF CON-  
SCIENCE.

FIRST MESSENGER  
BOY (excitedly).—Say,  
Cully, come into this  
toy store and see the  
nigger dance on a box  
an' turn summersets  
widout losin' step.

SECOND MESSENGER  
BOY (solemnly).—I've  
got a message for a  
doctor—case of life  
and death—and can't  
stop more'n a half  
hour or so.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND  
USE MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP for  
children teething. It  
soothes the child, softens  
the gums, allays all pain,  
cures wind colic and  
diarrhea. 25 cents a  
bottle.

A WORTHY AMBITION.

ROBBY'S MAMA.—  
Why, Robby, what  
are you doing with  
those flatirons?

ROBBY.—I'm gettin'  
a muscle on me, Mama.

"What for, Robby?"

"The groc'ryman said  
he'd give me a ton of  
coal just as soon as I  
could lift it."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

All Refined Ladies

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**Brown's  
French  
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DEFINITION.

Johnny Chaffie's  
Sunday school teacher  
is a lady. The other  
day she asked him:  
"Johnny, do you  
know what a miracle  
is?"

"Yes, Ma says if  
you don't marry our  
new parson it will be  
a miracle."

—*Texas Sifter.*

The most efficacious  
stimulant to excite the  
appetite are Dr. Siegert's  
Angostura Bitters. Be-  
ware of counterfeits.

A REFORMER.

"Why, Mr. Blivens,"  
said that young man's  
landlady, "you have  
some very extraordi-  
nary ideas in pre-  
paring your food."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Might I in-  
quire why you dropped  
a lump of butter into  
the tea?"

"Certainly. In this  
life the only chance of  
universal happiness  
lies in the hope that  
the strong may be  
taught to assist the  
weak."—*Washington Star.*

HE PLEADS.

REBECCA.—I suppose you  
haf heard dot mein fader  
has failed for a million?

ISAAC.—Yes, my taring.  
I can not support you in  
der shstyle to vich you  
shall now be aggestomed;  
but if der defotion of a  
lifetime—

WEARY WALKER.

—Say, were you ever  
tarred and feathered?

JOHNNY RESTFUL.

—Yes; once.

WEARY WALKER.

—How did you feel?

JOHNNY RESTFUL.

—Like a bird!—*Harvard Lampoon.*



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A TRIAL  
WILL CONVINCE THAT  
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SAYS Parson Whangdoodle Baxter: "Need  
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